Hickory Dickory Dock

The mouse ran up the digital clock.
Not. For no grand assemblage of
gears, pulleys, and weights, but

a flat field with numbers backwards
on a billboard. Some mice like staring
or meditating, such as Marvin resting

inside there, fur glowing softly red
from numerals dimmed for night.

All is peace, then a power failure, and
terrifying cave. In the restoration, he

pulses red and black. Such indeterminacy
can prove death to the sensitive, and Marvin

the Meditating Mouse is heard to wail now
via Mouse Media, "O how flat, stale and
unprofitable this Mouse Life is!” Ultimately

fleeing--clock being set for the moment--
he flings back: “It hath made me mad!”